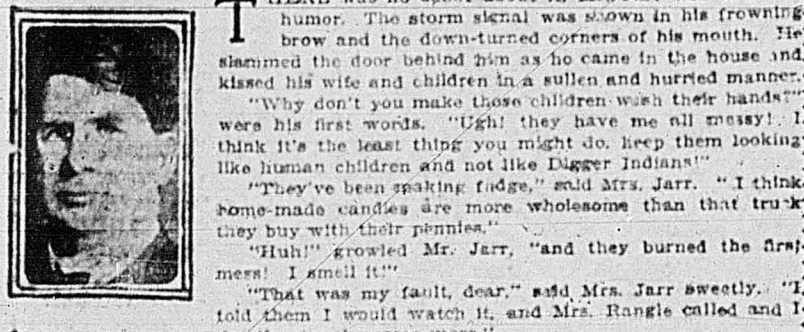


THE JARR FAMILY

BY ROY L. M'CARDELL

Mr. Jarr Has Another Grouch, but It Takes Two to Quarrel, You Know.



HERB was no doubt about it, Mr. Jarr was in a bad humor. The storm signal was shown in his frowning brow and the down-turned corners of his mouth. He slammed the door behind him as he came in the house and kissed his wife and children in a sullen and hurried manner.

"Why don't you make those children wash their hands?" were his first words. "Ugh! they have me all messy! I think it's the least thing you might do. Keep them looking like human children and not like Digger Indians!"

"They've been speaking fudge," said Mrs. Jarr. "I think home-made candies are more wholesome than that truck they buy with their pennies."

"Huh!" growled Mr. Jarr. "and they burned the first mess! I smell it!"

"That was my fault, dear," said Mrs. Jarr sweetly. "I told them I would watch it, and Mrs. Rangle called and I forgot about it. So I let them make some more."

"Oh, yes, you forgot about it and spoiled about a dollar's worth of sugar and chocolate!" snapped Mr. Jarr. "By George, I work like a dog and turn in all the money I make in this house, and it is nothing but waste, waste, waste!"

"Don't be cross, dear," said Mrs. Jarr, who was determined not to be other than amiable, just because she saw he wanted to quarrel. "Don't be cross. I'm sure all that was spoiled wasn't worth ten cents, and, as I told you, Mrs. Rangle called."

"Why don't you women stop gabbling and do some work? You are always talking about the servants being no good. The servants are all right. If poor men's wives did the work themselves instead of trying to play the lady it would be better for this country. That's what!"

"Well, Edward, you shouldn't talk that way to me," said Mrs. Jarr mildly. "You know we haven't had a girl for over a week. You promised to stop in the intelligence office and get me one, you know."

"Don't blame it," said Mr. Jarr with an ominous scowl, "do you think I have nothing else to do but run errands for you? Why don't you ask me to stay up all night to scrub and cook and sweep for you, and then go down town to my work every day as well? By George, I could keep this house clean, anyway!"

"The children are going to school now, and I have to see that their clothes look nice, and that takes up a lot of my time," said Mrs. Jarr calmly. "I can do the work, too, if you don't want me to have a servant girl."

"Ah, you make me tired!" said Mr. Jarr. "You are always growing and finding fault with the servants! I don't wonder they won't stay. Don't you think they are human beings that want to be spoken to decently? And look at my clothes! No, why should I say that? You wouldn't do it!"

"What's the matter with your clothes, Edward?" asked Mrs. Jarr in a pleading manner.

"What's the matter with them? I had to put on a dirty collar didn't I? And look how this vest is stained. If I asked you to clean it, didn't I?"

"I laid out a clean collar for you, and I also asked you to put on your brown suit, which had been scoured, and let me send the suit you have been insisting on wearing to the tailor's to be cleaned and pressed, but you said you were dressed now and hadn't time this morning," replied Mrs. Jarr, as she brushed some dust off his shoulder with her hand.

"Leave me alone! Let that dust be!" howled Mr. Jarr. "I just want it that way to remind me of how little I am thought of in this house!"

"You are an old peck horse—the old, uncomplaining, neglected drudge that is treated like a dog in this house!"

"Never mind, dear, you are a little out of sorts," said Mrs. Jarr sweetly. "There's a kiss for you. And I've got something you like for supper—a nice steak with onions."

"Steak and onions!" growled Mr. Jarr. "Meat, meat all the time! No wonder our butcher bills are what they are! And I should think you might cook a chicken or something!"

"Now look here, Mr. Jarr!" exclaimed Mrs. Jarr, blushing up. "How long do you think I am going to put up with your temper?"

"If you can't come home with a smile and be pleasant the few minutes you are in the house, and if you don't like what I cook for you, go some place else and get your supper! I won't stand it! I won't! I won't!"

"Gracious, Clara! How you flare up!" said Mr. Jarr anxiously. "I am surprised at you. It's a good thing you have a good-natured man who knows how to humor you. And they all sit down amiably to supper, and never a cross word passed all the next time."

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers.

He Wants to Propose.

Dear Betty:

I AM a young man twenty-one years old and in love with a young lady of nineteen. I love this girl very much and am quite sure she loves me. I wish to marry the girl, and how shall I go about it?

H. B.

Tell her you love her and would like her to be your wife, just as you have told me.

She Loves Twenty-Two.

Dear Betty:

I AM sixteen years of age, and I love a man twenty-two, my love being returned. He has asked me to marry him. Do you think I am too young to marry, as I am very unhappy at home and know I would be happy with him?

EDITH D.

I would have to know the cause of your unhappiness at home before giving you an intelligent opinion. Generally speaking, you are too young to marry, but of course some very early marriages have resulted happily. Unless you have

Very serious reasons for your discontent you had better wait a while.

To Tell Her Love.

Dear Betty:

I AM dead in love with a young man who never told me he loved me. The other evening he got mad because I spoke to another young man. Please advise me how to speak to him and show my love. A YOUNG GIRL.

You must not show your love if you want to interest him. A man doesn't like a girl who throws herself at his head. Let him do the courting.

He Wants to Write.

Dear Betty:

I AM teaching in a New England city last year I became acquainted with a beautiful girl, who captivated my heart by her looks, dress and form. I got an introduction to her, and loved her, and I want your advice as to how to win her love and affection. Would it be advisable to write her and tell her I love her? ANXIOUS.

It would be better to take a couple of days off and go and see her.

May Manton's Daily Fashions



Pretty Shirred Blouse—Pattern No. 5479.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

If YOU Had a Wife Like This.

By F. G. Long



HOME HINTS. The Seven-in-Six Puzzles.

Hot Weather Pudding.

SCALD 1 pint milk, thicken with 4 tablespoons cornstarch dissolved in little cold milk; cook 15 or 20 minutes. Flavor with vanilla or rose. Set on back of stove; fold in stiffly beaten whites of 4 eggs. Take at once from fire, mould and set away to cook. Make soft custard of 1 pint milk, using yolks of 4 eggs, sweeten to taste of sugar. Serve on low glass dish and pour custard over.

Sliced Pickles.

CUT one dozen large cucumbers into slices, add six whole small onions, sprinkle with salt and let stand three hours. Drain and add one quart of cold vinegar in which has been mixed one-half cup of white mustard seed, one-third of a cup of black mustard seed and one tablespoon of celery seed.

Cucumber Relish.

TWENTY-FIVE large cucumbers, one quart of white onions, one quart of vinegar, one-half tablespoon of white mustard, one green pepper, one-half cup of sugar, one-half tablespoon of celery seed, one-half cup of olive oil. Slice the cucumbers very thin, peel the onions, sugar with one and one-half cups of sugar, two cups of flour, one-quarter of a pound of ground mustard, one-half tablespoon of thyme and pour over the pickles.

Hidden Picture #1.—Find the Rooster.

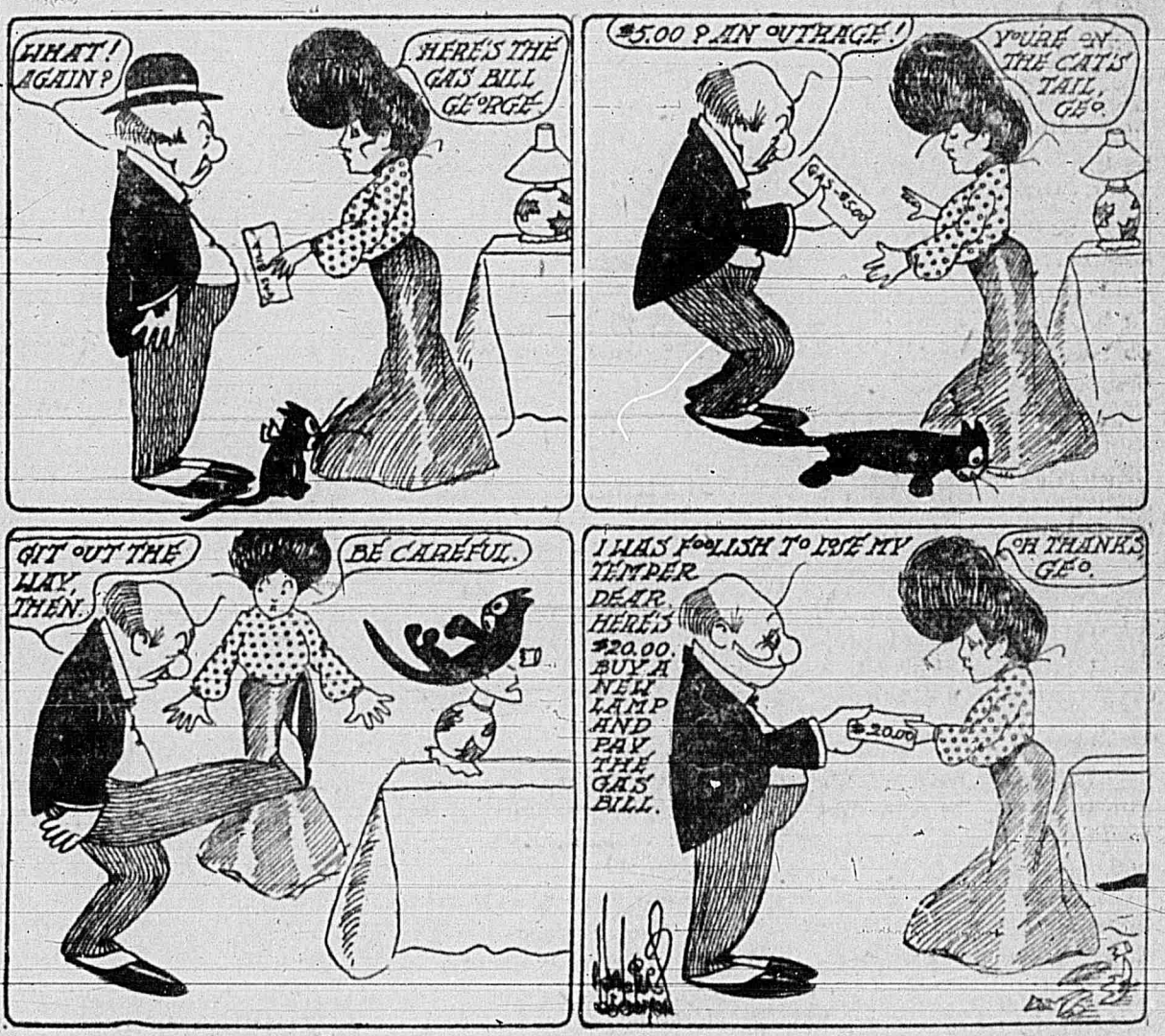
THE EVENING WORLD here prints a hidden-picture puzzle. It will print one every day. Each picture is complete in itself, but if you will cut out and save the six pictures of each series and put them together properly at the end of the week you will be surprised to find that they make one big seventh picture that not only belongs to the group, but without which the series would be incomplete. Save the Shakespeare series and find the seventh hidden picture.

Overheard in Limerick Land.



Mr. Hothead; He's Soon Over It.

By Walter Wellman



KING MIDAS.

By Upton Sinclair, Author of "THE JUNGLE."

(Copyright, 1901, by Upton Sinclair.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Helen Davis, daughter of a suburban cityman, is loved by her foster brother, Arthur, whose parents are unknown. Her father, David, is a man of great wealth and power. He is a man of great wealth and power. He is a man of great wealth and power.

CHAPTER III.

David's servant drove out early upon the following morning to tell him of a strange woman who had been asking for him in the village; they sent the man back for a doctor, and it was found that the poor creature was really dead.

They wished to take the body away, but David would not have it, and so, late in the afternoon, a grave was dug by the lake shore near the little cottage, and what was left of Mary was buried there. David was too exhausted to leave the house, and Helen would not stir from his side, so the two sat in silence until the ceremony was over, and the men had gone. The servant went with them; because the girl said they wished to be alone; and Helen the house settled down to its usual quietness, a quietness that frightened Helen now.

For when she looked at her husband's heart, she saw that it was dead. He was a man of great wealth and power, but he was a man of great wealth and power. He is a man of great wealth and power.

But at last when the hours had passed and not a move had been made, she asked him faintly: "David, is there no hope? Is it to be like this always?"

The man raised his eyes and gazed at her helplessly. "Helen," he said, his voice sounding hollow and strange, "what can you ask of me? How can I bear to look at you again, how can I think of living? Oh, that night of horror! Helen, it burns my brain—it tortures my soul—it will drive me mad! I buried his face in my hands again, shaking with emotion. 'Oh, I cannot ever forget it,' he whispered, hoarsely; 'I must haunt me, haunt me until I die! I must know that after all my years of struggle it was this that I made. It is this that stands for my life—and it is over, and gone from me forever and finished! Oh, God, was there ever such a horror flung upon a girl? And Helen, there was a child, too! I think how that thought must rood me—a child of mine, and I cannot ever tell it—it must suffer for its mother's shame. And think, if it were a woman, Helen—Oh, madness must go on, and go on forever! Oh, where am I to hide me, and what can I do?'"

There came no tears. But only a fearful sobbing; poor Helen whispered frantically, "David, it was not your fault, you could not help it—surely you cannot be to blame for all this!"

He did not answer her, but after a long silence he went on in a deep, low voice: "Helen, she was so beautiful! She has lived in my thoughts all these years as the figure that I used to see, so bright and so happy. I used to hear her singing in church, and

Words That Cost \$650,000.

WHAT would the wise men of Nineveh, who 750 years before Christ wrote down the words of their language on small tablets of clay, think could they come to earth and see after its completion the monster dictionary which is now under process of making?

These wise men of so many centuries ago were the infant beginners in the business of lexicography. One set of cuneiform tablets for the Assyrian king's library was all that they were required to furnish.

Not so easy is the job of dictionary making in these advanced times. One publisher has kept a large staff at work on his new dictionary for fourteen years, expending \$100,000, and has just completed printing the matter from "A" to two-thirds of "P." It is estimated that \$50,000 more will be required to complete the work, which will consume at least five years in accomplishment.

Daily Knitting Chats. By Laura La Rue.



Designed with Bear Brand Yarns.

Circular Breakfast Jacket.

DON'T know of anything more conducive to comfort and prettiness than one of those pretty negligees crisscrossed of wool. Circular the garment in the picture. Roomy as it is, even the stoutest woman looks well in it. It is well fitting and flat over the shoulders, warm and close about the body. Then the gayaway sleeves are lovely. You have noticed, haven't you, how the seams are joined? Isn't it a pretty idea to use bows of ribbon to catch the edges together instead of stiff, ugly seams? Saxony wool is used to make the negligee. With its smooth, tightly-twisted thread, it is an ideal wash material. The stitch is flat, fine, easy to make, with a small figure in the pattern that is wonderfully effective.

I will mail full directions for making this pattern to any of my readers who are interested. There will be no charge for sending them. Kindly address Laura La Rue, Knitting Editor, Evening World, P. O. Box 184, N. Y. City.

To Be Continued.